


THE REGISTER

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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXV., No. 2

OCTOBER, 1905

ISSUED MONTHLY

A HALLOWE'EN EXPERIENCE

ONE night towards the last of October, a few years ago, I was sitting in the office of Dr. Hastings, together with several companions. The doctor, though a well-known nerve specialist, used to throw open his office to us as a sort of club-room, and would often join our circle and relate one of the good stories for which he was famous. On this particular evening we were all grouped around the open fireplace, some contemplatively gazing into the depths of the merry fire blazing there, and others trying to ruin their eyes by perusing the evening paper in the dim light. Suddenly one of the readers looked up, with a surprised expression on his face.

"Why, doctor," he exclaimed, "I thought you were practically sure of that position at the Manning Hospital, and here I see that Dr. Robinson has been chosen to fill the place. What was the matter?"

We all looked up, astonished. As we knew very well, it had been the doctor's pet ambition for two years to get a position at this hospital, and only a month before he had been so successful in a competitive examination for a place left vacant by the resignation of one of the chief officials of the hospital, that it seemed impossible that any one else should get the coveted position. But here was another in the place, and we were naturally curious to know how such a situation had come about. The doctor was overwhelmed with questions. Finally, holding up his hand to signal for silence, he began:

"Two weeks ago last Monday I received a summons to appear before the hospital authorities on the following Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock. I, of course, planned to take the two o'clock train, as the seven-thirty would cause a long wait in the city, besides making me leave rather early in the morning. Having decided on this, Wednesday morning I went to the insane asylum, from which I could easily reach the station in half an hour, to see Dr. Burrows.

"The asylum, as you all know, or perhaps some of you don't know, is built in a square around a courtyard. There is a staircase at the north-east corner for ordinary use, and one at the south-west corner to be used only in case of emergency. There are short passages leading to each of these, fitted up with doors which have spring locks. The one on the south is always locked, while the other is usually kept open.

"After dining at the asylum, I started for the station at one o'clock. I found, however, that I had left a book which I desired to take with me on the second floor, and without notifying any one, I returned to get it. I soon found it, but, on turning around, I saw a woman dressed in white coming toward me with a knife in her hand. Thoroughly frightened, for I knew that the dangerous inmates of this asylum were customarily clad in white, I started to walk off in the opposite direction at a good rate. She followed. Seeing the door leading to the staircase, I recovered my courage

a little, and tried to open it. It was no use. The door was locked, and the maniac was approaching. Making one last frantic effort, I again started off at a fast walk.

"Again she followed. I realized what had happened. The spring-lock on the door had been set, and a current of air had closed it, as a result I was locked in that corridor with a raving maniac for a companion. I had had enough experience to know what the end would be. I would walk, walk, walk, until exhausted, then would come a short struggle and — the end. Resolving to delay my fate, which seemed inevitable, as long as possible, I hastened my steps. To no avail, however, for the mad woman also increased her pace. In a few moments I was walking at my fastest, but I could not gain on my pursuer.

"Then I began to run, but even then there was no perceptible increase in the distance between us. The conviction that all was over gradually grew upon me. I came to the conclusion that there was but one course left for me to pursue. I stopped and faced her, bracing myself for the attack. Could I be superior to that superhuman strength that every maniac possesses? It seemed impossible, and yet it was my only chance.

"On, on, on she came. It seemed that the shock would never come. How slow she was advancing now! She was calling out something to me, but I could not understand what she said. I thought that my will was strong, but this crisis was too strong for it. When she was five feet distant, involuntarily I turned and ran. It was too late, however. Nearer and nearer she drew until I could hear her footsteps almost beside me. I tried to spurt, but could not. My legs refused to obey me. The end had come.

"I felt a touch on my back, far different from what I had expected. Did a knife-thrust feel like that? But I wasted no time in thought, I kept running. Then suddenly a

mad laugh pierced my ears, and I heard the cry,

"‘Tag! You’re it!’

"I was safe! The mad woman had only been playing tag! I almost fainted as the realization of this overwhelmed me, but the thought of my engagement supported me. How was I to get out of the corridor in time to catch the train? Going to the door of the north stairway, I made frantic efforts to open it. It was no use, however, for that door was built to hold. It was an age, as it seemed to me, before an attendant at last heard and came and opened the door. It was then one-forty. My wild dash to get the train only won me a glimpse of the last car as it turned the curve. I missed my engagement, and at the same time my position."

The doctor's misfortune cast a shadow upon the party, and soon after we started for home. I had to go alone, and was, I confess, a bit nervous, for my road led past the asylum, and stories such as Dr. Hastings are not exactly conducive to a feeling of security. In a few moments I recovered self-confidence, nevertheless, and went along as cheerfully as though there was no danger in the world.

It was the pride before the fall, however. On turning the curve near the asylum, something made me turn around, and there behind me were two figures clad in white. My heart commenced to beat wildly, but, stifling a wild desire to run, I walked rapidly on, hoping that I had not been seen and that they would stay on the main road, while I turned down toward my home. The road to my house was a full mile long, while it was a half-mile walk to reach the head of this road.

After walking on for about three minutes, by my estimate, I glanced behind me. My pursuers were now but two hundred yards behind, and had already gained at least fifty yards. I now realized what the doctor had suffered. Two minutes more, and only a

scant hundred and fifty yards lay between us, and, as I well knew, the road leading homeward was still a quarter of a mile away. I commenced to run, and at the same moment they likewise broke into a trot. Then I lost my head entirely. I dashed forward at full speed, disregarding all the irregularities of the road, and they were many, for it was a typical country turnpike. Supported by some kind Providence, I did not injure myself. Now I would trip on something projecting above the surface, now a misstep into a hollow would jar my whole frame, now I would go down to one knee, and once I fell flat. Nothing held me. I do not believe I would have stopped if a man with a gun had appeared before me.

At last I reached the road near home, totally exhausted. Somehow I struggled along for some fifty yards down this road, and then I could do no more. I sat down, propped against a tree, unable to stir. Dimly I saw the white figures turn the corner, come toward me

nearer, nearer, but it did not affect me in the least. I was beyond that. On they came, and I remember dimly wondering whether they were playing tag with me. At last, after an eternity, they reached me, and above the white mantles I saw the faces of my brother Phil and my cousin Harry.

The next thing I knew I woke in my bed at home, about noon the next day. Though still rather weak, I soon recovered sufficiently to hear an explanation. It was simple. The night before had been Hallowe'en, a fact which I had forgotten, and Phil and Harry had gone to a masquerade party dressed as phantoms. Returning home, by some strange coincidence, they had started a race at the same time I had commenced to run from them, and had never noticed me until, hearing a strange sound at the road-side, they had investigated. It was a little thing to get frightened at, but — little things sometimes count.

W. A. C.

MR. TUBBS AND THE INVENTOR

MR. Tubbs was cross. He was also very, very tired, and his knees—Mr. Tubbs felt of his knees tenderly. “The next time I take up any old carpets—” the rest died away in a snarl as he disappeared behind his paper.

The fact that he had a long day's work before him did not seem to smooth his ruffled feelings, and when two men got on the car he allowed them to crawl over his knees. But repentance came soon. The second man pulled a heavy suit-case in after him, and one sharp corner struck Tubbs in the very tenderest spot on his right knee. Then Tubbs rose, and his wrath rose with him. He took one long breath and then began. The men in the car

began to grin broadly, and the women cast withering glances in his direction. The conductor, scenting trouble, appeared and explained to Tubbs that if he did not “close his face” he could get off and “hoof it.”

Tubbs' cup of bitterness was full. Even the street railway corporation, which he never defrauded of more than fifteen or twenty cents a week, was against him. He would get square with that corporation. He would *not* get off and walk, but he would make it carry him to his office door for that original nickel. Therefore he “closed his face.”

When he had reached his office, he glowered so fiercely at the elevator boy that that worthy, fascinated by his gaze, carried him two stories

higher than his office floor and then had to run down again.

Tubbs went into his office, banged up his desk, hung his "My Busy Day" on the door, remarked that work could wait, and then dove into his inner room. In a couple of minutes he reappeared, minus coat, vest, and cuffs, carrying a very seedy-looking old pipe, which he was carefully filling. This lighted, he sat down, put his feet on his desk, and lay with half-closed eyes watching the clouds of smoke. Oh, it was so comfortable. He heaved a long sigh of relief. The smoke began to take on fantastic shapes. . . . Once more he saw a room, its furniture gone, but the carpet still waiting to be taken up. Starting at the door he walked around the room, up and down the seams of the carpet, and as he walked, he pointed his right forefinger at the individual tacks, and, as he did so, each promptly jumped out of the floor into a cigar box in the centre of the room. Within five minutes every tack was in the box, and there lay the carpet ready to be rolled up.

"Say," murmured Tubbs to himself, when he fly, investigating his right ear, had brought him back to earth once more, "wouldn't that be great?"

While he was still considering the practical value of this wonderful, this Heaven-given power, someone rapped at the door, opened it almost immediately, and walked quickly into the room. Tubbs swung round in his chair, bringing his feet down from his desk with a bang, and stared at his visitor, who did not seem in the least disturbed by his welcome.

"Mr. Tubbs?" inquired he in a rich, hearty voice. Mr. Tubbs admitted that he answered to that name. "Well, Mr. Tubbs, I have here something which I think you, as well as every man upon the face of this earth, will be interested in, and which is bound to revolutionize one of the most senseless and foolish practices now common in every civilized

country on the globe. It is simple, inexpensive, practically indestructible, easily portable, will do its work thoroughly in every climate, under all conditions, enough power to run it is its only requisite, in short, Mr. Tubbs, it is ideal."

Tubbs, at first not fully awake, had gradually recovered his senses and now sat with his mouth open, his face getting redder and redder every moment as he gathered his strength for one mighty torrent of invective, which would send this impudent intruder flying from the place.

"These are not the only respects in which this wonderful invention excels," continued the tall man, smoothly, "for as soon as it is placed upon the market there will be an instantaneous, an imperative, an overwhelming demand for it. It will be unparalleled in the history of trade. What is this marvellous creation? It is a newly-discovered, patented, copyrighted electric carpet-tack remover. You stand aghast, and well you may! Think how many millions of lame backs, twice as many millions of sore knees, (because for every lame back there are two sore knees), how many billions of remarks, formerly excusable, but from now on, under the new regime, absolutely unpardonable, think, O, think of the inestimable benefit which the whole world will derive from this discovery! Mr. Tubbs, I came to you because I knew that you were not avaricious or sordid, as too, too many business men of the present generation are; because the name of Tubbs was known throughout the town of Subbub as belonging to a man who had the interest of his fellow-men at heart. Besides, to drop from the consideration of the ideal to that of the practical, there's a snug little sum for you and me in this deal if we keep it dark and spring it suddenly, and that didn't come out of the dream book, either."

"Trot out your details," said Tubbs, eagerly, his anger vanishing like dew before the

sun when he thought he saw money in the scheme. "I could not possibly let slip such a magnificent chance to benefit my fellowmen," he added, swelling out his chest. "As you just remarked, this is unique, this is without a parallel. I feel greatly honored to have been thus selected from among so many, but you tell the truth, I *have* always had the welfare of my brothers at heart. I know it. I feel in my bones that this is the destined reward." Tubbs wiped his eyes with a huge handkerchief, he did not know exactly why, but it seemed to be a nice thing to do at just that point.

The tall man nodded approvingly. "Now for an explanation of the details," he remarked, drawing a large block of paper toward him. "There is an electric magnet, so, and a storage battery connected to it with a switch in circuit. These are mounted on a little wooden frame, and you merely set it over a tack, throw the switch over and back, and your tack jumps right out of the floor to meet it. Pretty slick, eh?"

As he spoke, the knob turned, the office door opened, and a man's head appeared. "Well, now I'll tell you what I'll do," continued the tall man, oblivious of the interruption. "Yes, sir, I'll do it. I'll let you have seventy-five per cent. of the net profits of this invention if you will advance one thousand dollars in cash to get a few men at work making them. What do you think of that?" The man crept across the room, noiselessly taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket. "Done," cried

Tubbs, equally heedless, "seventy-five per cent. of the net—" But the sentence was never finished. The new arrival, with a single quick movement, had placed the handcuffs on the tall man's wrists, and was patting his shoulder soothingly. "It's all right, Mr. Edison," he kept saying, "it's all right." Tubbs sat there with his mouth opening and shutting, speechless with amazement.

"Ah, there you are, Mr. Edison," exclaimed a voice at his elbow, and Tubbs looked around and discovered a policeman accompanied by another man in citizen's clothes, the latter advancing with hand outstretched and a cheerful smile. "They want you up at the laboratory, Mr. Edison," said he, taking the shackled gentleman by one arm, while the policeman seized the other, "There is a most important experiment going on, and of course you must be present to—" The rest of the sentence mingled with their footsteps as the trio hastened up the corridor.

"That old gent who was having a *tête-à-tête* with you when I interrupted is slightly off his base," explained he of the handcuffs, briskly. "He thinks he is Thomas A. Edison, and whenever he gets loose we always find him stuffing someone about a woozy electrical machine that never was and never will be. Sorry to trouble you. Good-day."

The door slammed, Tubbs gazed weakly at the empty chair, at his pile of correspondence, at the clock, and then went out for lunch.

C. J. G., '06.

R. W. Sprague, B. L. S., '90, has been appointed lecturer on New York practice in the Harvard Law School.

Dr. J. M. Sheahan, B. L. S., '69, died at Quincy, September 21. Dr. Sheahan was a prominent Quincy physician, being chairman

of the Board of Health, and closely connected with the City Hospital there.

Fiske, ex-'06, is a member of the Dartmouth Freshman Class. He has been elected vice-president of the Freshmen Debating Union.

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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DURING the last few weeks we have heard a great deal of talk about the length of the Latin School course, and the number of fellows who, though in many cases failing to win promotion at the Latin School, go to other schools and enter college with, or, in some cases, ahead of, their classes. Moreover, many of these fellows did not stand high in their classes at B. L. S., and as a result it is natural there should be some dissatisfaction with the length of the B. L. S. course.

These fellows do not get the training which has enabled Latin School fellows to win so many laurels, however. They merely skim through a subject, memorizing a little here and a little there, just enough to pull them through their examinations. They learn little or nothing. That sort of "plugging" does no fellow good. How much do they remember of what they learn by "cramming" in this manner? Very little, you may be sure.

In addition, let us not forget the description of the pleasant (?) life which these fellows lead while doing this work, as it was given by Mr. Fiske last year. The fellows doing this work attend school not only in the morning, but have an afternoon session lasting until five

o'clock or so. They do not have even Saturdays free, as they must attend school on that day, also. There is nothing but work. So, even though slightly longer, the Latin School course seems a bit better, to say the least. Besides, it is hardly necessary to say that, with a like amount of exertion at the Latin School, none of the fellows who left because of low marks would fail to graduate near the head of their classes.



Year after year, as regularly as military drill begins, we hear that old plaint of favoritism rise and fill the air. So universal is this that we are led to believe that something must be wrong, radically wrong, until we investigate. Under the present system, by which captains choose the lower officers from among those entitled by seniority to each particular rank, it is the fellow and the fellow's ability, not his last year's standing, that is considered. Why should it not be thus? Even if none were practically pushed into their offices by the work of others and with little exertion on their own part, there necessarily are some very capable fellows held down by getting in poor companies. This system gives them a chance.

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Moreover, it is the system which is at work in the world to-day. Of course there are many cases of apparent injustice under this method, but these, if not due to lack of ability or persistence, are because of an inability to deal with our fellow men, want of personal magnetism. This, in the eyes of the world, is a defect, a greater one even than inability. Some, too, win places of which they are apparently not wholly deserving. In the long run, however, we still find the fellow who does his best and takes things cheerfully, far better off at the end than the one who depends on luck and influence.

Therefore, even if you did not get the place you expected and thought you deserved, consider it a challenge, and do your best to remove the cause of this ignoring. Get to work, exert yourself to the utmost, stop the grumbling, and never despair of turning out a winning company. The secret of getting a prize is work, hard work, and the enthusiasm which hard work produces in drill is contagious. This advice especially applies to sergeants, for they are now on trial for their positions as commissioned officers next year. So, then, do your best, unite with the other officers and men; above all, don't grumble, and there will be a flag flying at the head of your company next March.



No member of the Latin School can fail to be interested in Mr. Fiske's opinion of the best division of the student's day, as he stated it in the hall a few weeks ago. Under his plan the morning, of course, is spent in school, the afternoon in some sort of exercise, preferably out-of-doors, and the evening in the house, in study. After supper, the fellow is to get away in some quiet room, alone, with a carefully-regulated light, and there, says Mr. Fiske, he will do the best work possible.

There are two great objections raised by opponents of this plan; first, that study under

these conditions must be done by artificial light, and artificial light is injurious to the eyes; second, that when evening comes, we are exhausted, and our powers are not at their height. It is undoubtedly true that artificial light is injurious to a greater or less extent, and we should use the light of the sun as far as possible; but under the present arrangement of things, it is unwise, if not impossible, to do our studying by day. Exercise is absolutely necessary, and we cannot get proper exercise at night. Therefore, if we value our health at all, we are driven to do most of our studying in the evening.

Though we are exhausted when evening comes, it is easier to work then than at any other time. How often, I wonder, when we have tried to study during the afternoon, have we been called away by the noise of laughter and fun in the neighboring field? or, if we have not answered the call, how often have we wandered to our companions in spirit, and deserted the Latin or the History, which at these times seem drier than dust? In the evening, on the other hand, though our faculties may be slightly dulled, so, too, is our desire for fun; now our sense of obligation has the upper hand, and we really study, and do not merely pore over our books.

We may conclude then, that Mr. Fiske's plan is the best, the plan expressed by him in the words, "Every afternoon I should like to have every boy in the open air, while in the evening I imagine the Latin School student engaged with his books, in a comfortable chair, the light coming over his shoulder."



Great as has been the agitation concerning class teams in the past, it apparently has not affected the indifference of the school to any extent. Here and there we see a crowd of fellows get together and organize a team which they claim represents the class, but there is no organized effort, and even these glimpses of

better things are few and far between. This condition of affairs should be remedied as soon as possible, for there are many fellows who have not the self-confidence to try for the school team, who will come out for the class team, and soon show their true abilities on the school squad.

It is, of course, a little late to start to develop Rugby teams in the various classes, but basket-ball and track games are coming, for the latter of which fellows will be called out in a few days. Go out and get coaching for your class team, and a little later get games with teams from other classes. That is the only way to remedy this indifference.

The Athletic Advisory Committee is capable of giving a good deal of assistance in this matter by supervising inter-class games, organizing a class league, and providing small trophies, caps, for instance, as several other schools do. The cost would not be very great, and, in fact, the league might be made self-supporting by having a system of entry fees. But, whether the committee takes any action or not, let a team be organized in every class, or, better still, in every room, and let those not playing show that they have interest in their own teams.



Almost simultaneously with the appearance of the first number of the REGISTER, that familiar comment, "The REGISTER has no exchange column," made its appearance. To save these kind exchange editors much worry and space, we wish to state here that no exchange column will appear in the REGISTER this year, and so firm is the resolution of the editors in this regard, that no argument, unless far different from any heretofore brought forward, will

have any effect upon them. We have no fear of the appearance of a new argument, so often has this matter been threshed over for our especial benefit.

The great objection to the exchange column is that it is of no interest to members of the school, nor is it meant to be of interest to them. Now and then a joke is inserted to appease them, but beyond this the exchange column does not affect them in the least. The chances are that they have never seen the papers criticised, or, if they have seen them, they have formed an opinion themselves, which will not be shaken in the least by the two lines or five lines of the exchange column.

Moreover, though we must acknowledge that this is not true of the majority of papers, there is a remarkable variation in the space accorded the column from issue to issue. It is by no means general, and is not rightly an argument, but it shows the true character of the column to be an easily-written space-filler.

The great argument given in favor of an exchange column is that it is of mutual benefit to the papers concerned. This is a fallacy, and a fallacy of the worst sort, for it is plausible. How much good does the short comment, for it usually is a comment rather than a criticism, do a paper? Besides, each exchange editor sets up his own or some other paper as a standard, and attacks all deviations therefrom. But do they think that the staff of the criticised paper does not note these differences, and debate whether or not they would be improvements or not? It is the firm opinion of the REGISTER staff that there is one good thing about an exchange column, the list of exchanges, and that outside of this list the column is of little or no value.

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D E S A N C T O

WONDERFUL to relate, the Sanctum was silent, though the whole staff was assembled there. Perhaps it was because the three assistant editors were asleep, but probably it was due to the mercy of the gods, for the A. E.'s often talk in their sleep. At any rate, the only sound to be heard was the noise of the E. I. C.'s attempts to reduce a pencil to splinters. Suddenly he gave utterance to a yell, and, jumping to his feet, threw the remnants of his pencil from him.

"What's the matter with you now?" asked the B. M., a trifle testily, while the others, not yet wide awake, blinked wonderingly.

"I had a nightmare," explained the offender. "A nightmare!" this from an A. E.—, it was too much to expect them to keep quiet for more than five minutes at a stretch—"Young man, beware! It's only five o'clock."

"It was terrible," continued the E. I. C., already accustomed to such interruptions. "I dreamed I was in Greek recitation, and I had commenced to chew a pen—you cannot imagine how delightful it was—a nice, sweet-tasting, cedar pen, and a voice echoed through the room, uttering a phrase which I have heard somewhere before, 'I believe it is a sure sign of hydrophobia to—' O, it was fierce." The E. I. C. had broken down completely.

"What then?" inquired the B. M., looking interested for the first time in many moons.

"I woke up, I am glad to say. If it had lasted a minute longer—well, I'm mighty glad it didn't."

The E. I. C. then commenced a search for the pencil which he had thrown away in his agitation, the B. M. to devise a means to frustrate the nefarious designs of those who had refused to subscribe for the REGISTER because, they claimed, they could get them free, while

the A. E.'s relapsed into slumber. Not for long, however, for in a few moments a roar was heard at the other end of the corridor. The B. M. sighed, and called out in a manner that showed he was accustomed to it:

"Posts to repel foot-ball team."

To his amazement, however, the roar passed by the door, the first time such a thing had happened. His relieved wonder was soon changed to dismay, however, for, preceded by a cry of "This way to the Sanctum," a motley crew burst through the door. He did not wait for further developments, but, pushing an unfortunate A. E. from the chandelier of which he had taken possession on the approach of the foot-ball team, he sought this refuge for himself.

The E. I. C., looking up to see what the disturbance was, gave a cry of delight, and said in a glad voice:

"Why, it's my old friend, the Jackal."

"Right you are," was the reply, "and here is the Puerp, and the Horse, and all the other heroes of REGISTER fame. We want you to choose a mascot from among us."

"But we ought to have a new one."

"Where can you find one better than a member of this assembly, me, for instance?"

"Right here," a deep voice rang out, and there, standing in the doorway, bearing all the marks of the ideal mascot, stood—the Orang-outang.

The would-be mascots of 1905-06, after one glance, turned as one man, or rather one mascot, and fled. The Orang-outang, turning to the E. I. C., said:

"I have proved myself not only the master of any one, but of all previous mascots. Why, I am more than a match for the Jabberwock. I can live on anything from rejected manuscripts to would-be athletes. I am quali-

fied to protect the Sanctum from any and all dangers. Am I It?"

"You are It," said the E. I. C., and the staff, emerging from various places of supposed safety, acknowledged their new guardian.

That is why the REGISTER staff are no longer disturbed when they hear a rush and roar down the corridor. They know where the masterdom lies.

W. A. C.

C L A S S E L E C T I O N S

ON September 28, the graduating class cast its first ballot for president, no result was reached, however, as no candidate had received the twenty-four votes necessary for a majority. Two additional ballots were cast without result, and Mr. Fiske called it no election, since the class had forfeited the right of having a president by exceeding the legitimate number of ballots. At the request of the boys, however, permission was given for a special ballot, by which Charles E. V. Mansfield was elected president, Humphry being his only opponent.

In the contest for the position of class secre-

tary, after two unsuccessful ballots, John M. Spillane was elected, defeating L. W. Hickey by the narrow margin of one vote.

On October 11, the ballots were cast for the photograph committee and the result was as follows: D. J. Lyne, 29 votes; J. W. Doherty, 28 votes; E. V. Hickey, 25 votes; Wendemuth, 23 votes; J. J. Goode, 15 votes; Neyhus, 15 votes; Reardon, 15 votes; Wolf, 15 votes.

As the last four had tied for fifth place, another ballot was held to elect the remaining member. Reardon was chosen. D. J. Lyne was elected chairman by the committee.

Mr. E. P. Jackson, for twenty-seven years connected with the Latin School as instructor in Physics and Mathematics, died on Thursday, October 12. Mr. Jackson, who was born at Atsaroun, on the southern coast of the Black Sea, in 1840, received his degree from Amherst College in 1865.

He had been in ill-health for some years before his death, and this reason forced him to resign in June, 1904. Mr. Jackson also had some reputation as a writer, having been author of "The Demigod," a novel published anonymously by Harper Brothers.

Mr. Frisbee, who had charge of a portion of the Sixth class, has left the school, and Mr. Downie now has charge of that section. Mr. Downie is an addition to our teaching staff. He prepared for college at North Brookfield High School, and matriculated at Amherst in

1893, whence he received his degree of A. B. in 1897. Since then he has taught in the Holyoke and Worcester Classical High Schools, and he received his degree of A. M. from Amherst last June.

Woods, Fitzpatrick and McLaughlin, all old B. L. S. men, are playing on Georgetown, Fitzpatrick being captain and right tackle.

Norton, '04, played on the Dartmouth Sophomore base-ball team, and also ran on his class track team in the fall meet.

Kulberg, '05, won third in both the 120 and 220 hurdles in the inter-class meet at Dartmouth, and ran on his class relay team.

Atkins, '05, won the quarter in the Harvard freshmen meet, and Corbett was second in the shot-put.

FOOT-BALL.



THUS far the Rugby team has shown up well, and the prospects for a championship team are bright. In spite of the fact that both regular half-backs were injured at Medford, in the second game of the season, Nay being out for the rest of the season because of a dislocated shoulder, and Captain Cowan on the sidelines for an indefinite period with a badly wrenched arm, the team has won two out of five games, and tied one, the other two games being lost by the narrowest margins. The new half-backs are doing fine work, and the team is working smoothly under Cleary's leadership.

GROTON, 11. B. L. S., 6.

On Wednesday, September 27, the Latin School opened her season with the annual game against Groton, and lost in a close and hard played contest, 11 to 6. B. L. S. played a snappy game throughout, and up to almost the end of the game were in the lead, 6 to 5.

In the first half, Groton started the scoring, Waterbury carrying the ball over after an end run by Thayer. B. L. S. soon took the lead, however, in consequence of Thompson's hard

run for a touchdown and Cowan's goal. Groton scored toward the last of the second half, by a long end run.

We have no reason to be dissatisfied at this result, as our team played a good game, and no other team has as yet made so good a showing against Groton this year. For us Cowan and Elcock put up a good game, while Thayer did good work for the home team.

The line-up :

GROTON.

B. L. S.

| | | | |
|---------------------------|-------|-----------|----------------|
| Crocker, l. e. | | r. e., | Greene (Duffy) |
| Harding, (Signoux), l. t. | | r. t., | Emery |
| Barber, (Hooper), l. g. | | l. g., | Cleary |
| Haddon, (Barber), c. | | c., | Thompson |
| Baker, r. g. | | l. g., | Jowett |
| Foster, r. t. | | l. t., | Elcock |
| Peabody, r. e. | | l. e., | Ayer |
| Burnham, q. b. | | q. b., | Merrill (Daly) |
| Grey, l. h. b. | | r. h. b., | Nay |
| Thayer, r. h. b. | | l. h. b., | Cowan |
| Waterbury, f. b. | | f. b., | Flynn |

Score : Groton, 11 ; B. L. S., 6. Touchdowns : Waterbury, Thayer, Thompson. Goals from touchdowns : Waterbury, Cowan. Umpire : Peabody. Referee : Mr. Campbell. Linemen : Humphry and Richardson. Time : 15 and 10-minute halves.

13 Latin School Register

B. L. S., 0.

M. H. S., 0.

On September 30, through hard luck, Boston Latin was only able to tie Medford High, neither team being able to score. Our team outclassed Medford at all times, Medford never being able to gain, and the ball being in her territory all the time except immediately after the kickoff in the first half. In the second half it looked as though Latin School would surely score, for they had the ball inside Medford's 5-yard line, but Medford stole the ball and thus averted defeat.

The whole Latin School team played a steady game during the whole game. Merrill, though hampered by a bad leg, played a fine game at quarter, Flynn and Elcock reeled off long gains through Medford's line with the utmost regularity, and Conroy and Duffy, two lightweights, did great work at the half-back positions, after Cowan and Nay were forced to retire on account of injuries, early in the first half. Mather excelled for Medford.

S. H. S., 6.

B. L. S., 5.

On October 7 Salem High beat B. L. S. at Salem, 6 to 5. Both teams played a fine defensive game, but Latin School's offence was a bit slow on account of the two substitute backs necessitated by the injuries to Nay and Cowan at Medford.

Both touchdowns were made after blocked kicks. B. L. S. scored first after some fine line-bucking by Flynn and Elcock, but Cleary failed to kick the goal. Salem soon won the game by scoring on an end run of twenty yards and kicking the goal. Elcock, Cleary, Greene, and Flynn played well for the Latin School, while Butler's playing showed up well on Salem.

The line-up :

S. H. S.

B. L. S.

Rice, l. e. r. e., Greene
Atwood, l. t. r. t., Ryder

C. Briggs, l. g. r. g., Jowett
A. Briggs, c. c., Thompson
Kingsley, r. g. l. g., Cleary
Roberts, r. t. l. t., Emery
Shea, r. e. l. e., Ayer, (Mansfield)
Dean, q. b. q. b., Daly
Butler, l. h. b. r. h. b., Elcock
Chisholm, (Spring), r. h. b. l. h. b., Keenan
Mulligan, f. b. f. b., Flynn

Score : S. H. S., 6 ; B. L. S., 5. Touchdowns : Butler, Flynn. Goal from touchdown : Dean. Umpire : Hurley of Salem. Referee : Patterson of Boston. Linesmen : Cowan and Drew. Time : 20 and 15-minute halves.

B. L. S., 24.

W. H. S., 0.

On October 11 the Latin School decisively defeated Wellesley High, 24 to 0, before a large and enthusiastic crowd. The Latin School showed themselves masters at every point, though the back field seemed a bit slow at times.

The most sensational play of the game was Keenan's running back of an attempt by Wellesley to kick a field goal. Keenan almost got clear of the field, but was finally caught after a run of 65 yards. Seagraves played a fine game for Wellesley, while Duffy, Cleary and Flynn did good work for the Latin School.

The summary :

B. L. S.

W. H. S.

Ayer, l. e. r. e., Bryant, (Brooks)
Emery, l. t. r. t., T. Shepherd
Cleary, l. g. r. g., Theis
Thompson, c. c., Putnam
Jowett, r. g. l. g., B. Shepherd
Elcock, (Ryder), r. t. l. t., Sleeper
Greene, r. e. l. e., Gallagher
Duffy, (Merrill), q. b. q. b., Adams
Conroy, l. h. b. r. h. b., Farwell
Keenan, r. h. b. l. h. b., Farnham
Flynn, (Amadon), f. b. f. b., Seagraves

Score : B. L. S., 24 ; W. H. S., 0. Touchdowns : Flynn, (3), Jowett. Goals from touchdowns : Cleary, (4). Umpire : Cowan. Referee : Edmunds. Linesmen : Lyons and Marshall. Time : 20 and 15-minute halves.

Latin School Register 15

B. L. S., 5.

L. H. S., 0.

On Saturday, October 14, the Latin School was again victorious by a score of 5 to 0, her opponent being Lawrence High. B. L. S. played a good game both on the offence and defence, and but for fumbling at critical times would have rolled up a larger score. Hart played a good game for Lawrence, while Cleary, Flynn, and Elcock put up their usual good work.

The score :

B. L. S.

L. H. S.

Ayer (Mansfield), l. e. r. e., Taylor
Emery, l. t. r. t., Driscoll
Cleary, l. g. r. g., Otto (Murray)
Thompson, c. c., Patterson
Jowett, r. g. l. s., Simpson
Elcock (Broderick), r. t. l. t., Lanen
Greene, r. e. l. e., Herron
Duffy, q. b. q. b., Lynch
Keenan, l. h. r. h., Young
Conroy, r. h. l. h., Shine
Flynn, f. b. (Amadon) f. b., Locke

Score : B. L. S., 5 ; Lawrence High School, 0. Touchdown : Flynn. Referee : Fulkerson. Umpire : Cowan. Linesmen : Mansfield and Houston. Time : 20 and 15-minute halves.

C. H. S., 6.

B. L. S., 5.

Latin School lost to Concord, October 17, in a poorly played game, 6 to 5. B. L. S. outclassed Concord throughout, but on account of fumbling and general loose play was only able to score once. The ball was in Concord's territory for the most part.

Toward the last of the first half, the Latin School scored on straight line-plunging, but since the goal was missed, Concord won on the goal after the touchdown, secured by blocking a punt necessitated by a fumble, and carrying the ball over the line.

C. H. S.

B. L. S.

Rideout, l. e. r. e., Greene
Park, l. t. r. t., Elcock

Blodgett, l. g. r. g., Jowett
Hatch, c. c., Thompson
Nelson, r. g. l. g., Cleary
Temple, r. t. l. t., Emery
Bean, r. e. l. e., Ayer
Hart (Capt.), q. b. q. b., Duffy
Franks, l. h. b. r. h. b., Conroy
Damon, r. h. b. l. h. b., Keenan
Sheehan, f. b. f. b., Flynn (Amadon)

Score : Concord High School, 6 ; B. L. S., 5. Touchdowns : Temple, Jowett. Goals from touchdowns : Franks. Referee : Damon. Umpire : Maguire. Time : 20 and 15-minute halves.



Teacher : “ ‘ Frère de son maris ’ will not do for brother-in-law, might be — ”

A Light of Room 17 : Sister of her husband.

Parshley, '07, has left B. L. S. for Cambridge Latin.

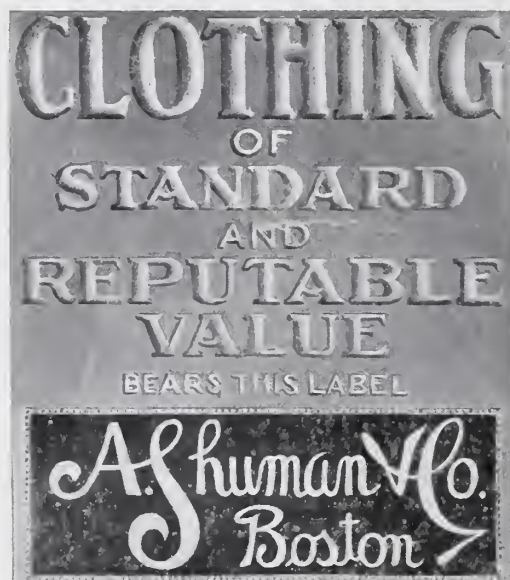
O'Dowd, '98, is at present sub-master of the Dudley Grammar School. He has been deeply interested in the development of Grammar School athletic leagues, and has been one of the prime movers in the forming of these.

The Latin School is well represented on the Harvard foot-ball squad. Among the B. L. S. graduates out for the team are Captain Hurley, Hanley, Somes, O'Hare, Leary, Edwards, and Witherbee. Waters, a coach, is also a B. L. S. man.

Niles, ex-'06, was a member of the Harvard Tennis Team in the fall Intercollegiate tournament.

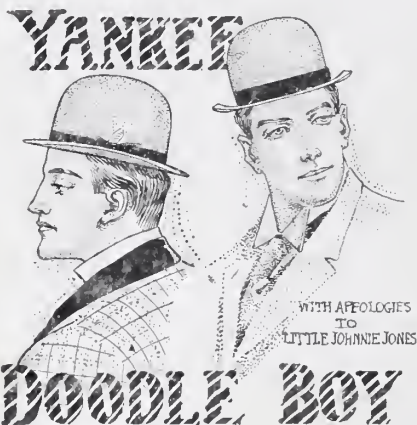
Bellows, '02, a former editor-in chief of the REGISTER, is editor-in-chief of the Harvard Monthly.

Latter, '08, has left school.



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